

groping her way through an open doorway let out into the garden. She crossed it in feverish haste, unperceived, emerging into a lane. She pursued her way for half a mile until, tottering and faint, she reached the limits of the town where ran an electric line.

A car came whirling toward her. Leila hailed it. She sat crouched in a rear seat until it reached the terminus, 20 miles farther on. Here she took a branching route. Beyond she became a passenger on a cross line. It was near midnight when she left the last train.

She must have traveled over a hundred and fifty miles. Dumbled, sick at heart, she barely sustained her ebbing strength under the impelling influence that bade her leave no trail that could be followed. She traversed the streets of a busy town, found a hotel, and as she was shown to a room, fell across the couch. It contained, prostrated.

In vivid panoramic array her past life passed before her mental vision. At 14, a motherless girl, she had gone to a boarding school. It was the only home she had known for eight years. She had graduated, had met Elwyn Borden and this day wedded him.

Then, back of that, what she had never told him—the story of her father, still alive she believed, but hidden, an outcast, a refugee in some far corner of the world.

One night, a month after she had been placed at the school, he had come to her, stealthily, under some terrific strain of anguish, wildly excited.

"Leila," he had said, as they stood in the garden of the school, "I have to flee the country. Listen, child, for I believe I am followed. Human bloodhounds are on my track. Already they have forced me to give up nearly all my fortune. They hunger for the rest. They would impoverish me. I am innocent of any crime, but my thieving business partners, to shield themselves, have so doctored

the books that they could prove me guilty. I will never dare return to this country again. I have arranged for your care until you are educated. You will hear from me later."

"But, oh, my father!" sobbed the broken-hearted girl, "let me go with you."

"Impossible. Listen, Leila! The men who have brought me to this hideous pass may I live to see brought down to where I have been dragged. There was one I must tell you of. Here is his picture. Take it," and he pressed upon her a photograph. "That man—silence! Ah, as I feared!"

He pressed his hand closely across his lips. She saw two lurking forms pass down the road. Her father's pursuers. He kissed her swiftly and disappeared in the shrubbery.

Since then every year a bank attache had visited the school with sufficient money to meet all her expenses for the coming year. Every year she had a letter ready to be sent to her father, whose address she did not know. She knew only the bank by which the missive was forwarded. Never a word from the father she implored to come to her or send for her through all those lonely years.

And she had married the son of one of the men who had made of her father an outcast. The thought was horrible.

With the morning Leila proceeded to the city where the bank was located. She implored its officials to give her the address of her father. They refused, but offered to forward a letter. She wrote all of her sad story and besought her father to take her away from her heartbreak and loneliness.

She remained sequestered in the hotel, where she awaited a reply. A weary month went by. She broke down with the suspense of the ordeal, to awaken from a wasting fever one morning to stare past her nurse at a figure standing at the side of the bed.

"Father!" she cried ecstatically.